

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—SHAKESPEARE.

DL. I.

PARIS, (ME.).....THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1824.

NO. 16.

## OBSERVER'S FOUNT.

For the Observer.

### ENVY OF FRIENDS.

Oh! cruel fancy, is it thee  
That thus distract my mind?  
Or is it real—can it be  
That friends have prov'd unkind?  
Why should they seek to wound my heart,  
Or discompose my mind?  
When in their griefs I shad'd a part:  
In joys, their joys were mine.  
Alas! for envy—they designed  
My prospects to destroy,  
When on their bosoms I reclined  
But dream'd not of alloy.  
Oh! innocence, were't not for you,  
I ne'er could pleasure find;  
But in thy ways true joys I view—  
Joys that are ever mine.  
Ye vain! ye fickle! and ye false!  
Say, can you pleasure find?  
Say, are the joys that you possess  
Drawn from those griefs of mine?  
If so, your triumphs are but short;  
Your joys will soon be o'er;  
Your vicious and your fickle arts  
Shall pierce my heart no more.

LUCINDA.

PARIS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1824.

In a former number, we published an account of the *Masonic Festival*, in the city of New York, in honor of LA FAYETTE. The following are the toasts which were drank on the occasion:

1. Our Order which leaping the distinctions that divide society—unites the virtuous of every country, religion and sect, in one affectionate social community.

2. By the G. M.—Our illustrious brother and General La Fayette—no less distinguished for his philanthropy than for his valor. The General thereupon rose, and after having expressed his grateful acknowledgments, gave the following toast in return.

Liberty, Equality, Philanthropy, the true Masonic creed—May we by the practice of these principles, ever deserve the esteem of the friends—the animadversion of the enemies of mankind.

3. The Sun of Masonry—May its brightness dispel the cloud with which ignorance and prejudice would obscure it, and its genial rays give heat and warmth to myriads who yet grope in darkness, unconscious of its power.

4. The Mystic Temple—Its walls supported by wisdom, strength, and beauty, bid defiance to the assaults of envy, bigotry and despotism.

5. All regularly constituted Grand Lodges throughout the world directing their energies to the general good—May their labors be rewarded by the general approbation of the brethren.

6. The day which united Washington and Fayette to our ancient and honorable institution—May the occurrences assist to rescue our order from the calumny of its foes.

7. The Fraternity throughout the world—May virtue prompt them to the performance of their duty to their God, their neighbor, and themselves.

8. Masonry—May the social and instructive principles which it inculcates, be universally fused, and the whole human race be bound in bonds of brotherly love.

9. The Patriotic Mason, who faithfully brought at the great national edifice that shelters us, and generously fed and clothed the hungry and naked who assisted in the labor.

### VOLUNTEERS.

By the M. W. Jacob Morton, P. G. M. *Fraternity affection*—The bond of domestic society the endearing chain of the Masonic institution—we enjoy its proudest feelings in the exalted character of our Guest and Brother—we experience its most delightful emotions while thus rendering to him every honor that affection can devise, or overflowing hearts can bestow.

By the D. G. Master. Freemasonry—Its moral influence on society will be little impeded by the efforts of despots and bigots.

By the M. W. Jephth B. Munn, G. M. of N. Jersey—Amidst the festivities of the day, may we not forget our persecuted brethren in Spain.

By the M. W. Samuel F. Bradford, P. G. M. Pennsylvania—The R. W. Grand Lodge of New-York, "crowned with the keystone of union and love," *primus inter pares*.

By the R. W. John W. Mulligan, P. D. G. The mysterious language and emblems of Masonry—we find in one the appropriate idiom express the sentiments of veneration and affection, which we feel for our distinguished Brother, and with pride select from the other the casita to form with the laurel a wreath for our brow—durable, like the remembrance of virtues, and unfading, like his fame.

By the Senior Grand Warden. George Washington La Fayette, the worthy scion of a virtuous stock.

By the Junior Grand Warden. The Day—may it be duly appreciated and proudly remembered by every mason present, as affording us the opportunity of greeting as a brother, him whom we have always venerated as a patriot and loved as a friend.

By the Grand Secretary. Masonic Light—Equal with time, may it endure to eternity.

By the Grand Treasurer. The Charity Fund—May its supplies be as extensive and durable as the waters of the Grand Canal.

By the R. W. Brother Simpson, P. G. T.—Union and order, the pillars upon which our masonic existence is founded—May their bases never be undermined by party spirit, or the columns demolished by the tempests of discord.

By the W. Br. Riker. Our illustrious Brother and Guest—a noble workman—he hath labored to serve the whole human family, and the whole of the human family who have been brought to light do him honor.

By the Grand Marshal. The memory of our deceased Br. George Washington, who when translated to the Grand Lodge above, cast his mantle upon the shoulders of him who now adorns with his presence our Masonic Temple.

By Br. Geo. Rodgers, U. S. N. May the virtuous and moral principles of our order never be sacrificed at the altar of licentiousness.

By Br. John A. Graham. Our worthy Brother General La Fayette—the lustre of whose virtue in freedom's sacred cause, shines among the millions of mankind, as the sun among the stars of Heaven.

By a Brother. Francis Huger, whose gallantry and generosity were proved in the unsuccessful attempt to liberate our illustrious guest from the Castle of Olmutz.

[Brother Huger, upon the toast being drunk, rose and with great modesty disclaimed all title to individual merit in the transaction, assured, he said, from what he had this day witnessed, that he was only the representative of his Masonic Brethren.]

By Brother Robert Emmet. Our illustrious Brother La Fayette—After half a century's labor in the cause of Liberty, he visits the Grand Lodge of Freeman where he first worked, and a whole nation vouches for him.

By Brother Francis Huger. The gratitude of republics, the highest reward of merit.

By a Brother. The Memory of General Kosciusko—His sword was wielded in the cause of human liberty on both sides of the Atlantic.

By Brother Lebbeus Chapman. Our illustrious brother, General La Fayette—He rose like a column of celestial fire in the east—May the sitting of his evening sun, be like the fading of a summer's day, which sinks through cloudless glory to repose.

By Brother R. U. Lang. Charity, one of the cardinal principles of our Institution—May its objects be few—the means of supplying them abundant.

## MISCELLANIES.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

### TEN DAYS IN THE COUNTRY.

No. IV.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
Here earth and water seem to strive again,  
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,  
But, as the world, harmoniously confused.

WINDSOR FOREST.

Breakfast over, our party commenced what it was anticipated would be found a difficult and fatiguing excursion to the place near the summit of the Catskill mountains, called the "Pine Orchard." In a direct line from the village, the Pine Orchard is not more than eight miles distant; but in winding its way up the sides of the mountain, the length of the turnpike is extended to twelve. Crossing the Catskill, over the drawbridge in the village, for about three miles and an half the road lay through an uneven and not very promising country. Suddenly, however, on emerging from a wood, the traveller is cheered by one of the most charming landscapes, tho' comparatively of small extent, that we recollect to have seen. The beauty of this romantic spot, (situated in the valley of the Kater's Kill,) is undoubtedly heightened by the effect of contrast. Completely surrounded, as it is, by a barren country, half-cultivated in spots by lazy people, this little valley affords an agreeable relief, and the eye lingers upon its rich fields and green meadows, suitably diversified with fruit and forest trees, and all in a state of high cultivation, with delight. No landscape is complete without a water prospect; and this is here supplied by the Kater's Kill, which winds its way sluggishly through the valley, until it unites itself with the Catskill, a few miles north of the village.

'Tis a sweet stream—and so tis true are all  
That, undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl  
Of mimic rapid, or slight waterfall,  
Pursue the way.

By mossy bank, and darkly-waving wood,  
By rock, that since the deluge, fixed has stood,  
Shewing to sun and moon their crisping flood  
By night and day.

But we must not dwell too long upon single objects; and while winding our way towards the mountains, whose dark sides and frowning cliffs we are now rapidly approaching, it may not be amiss to digress a little, and attend for a moment, for the benefit alike of the learned and unlearned reader, to the etymology of the names of the two streams mentioned above.

We learn from the eloquent and learned Discourse of Judge Benson, delivered some years ago before the New-York Historical Society, that the Dutch called our *Catamount*, or *Panther*, *Her Cat*, emphatically the cat; it is also

their name for the domestic cat, except when to distinguish the male, and which is then called *Kater*; and hence, probably, from the fact of its taking its rise among the mountains, and leaping wildly and furiously down their cataracts, one branch of the Catskill, [Kill is the Dutch of Creek] is called the *Kater's Kill*—which, being interpreted into round-faced English, means *Ram Cat's Creek*.

About a mile and a half west of the Kater's Kill, we ascended an elevated range of table land, which extends to the foot of the mountains, and along their base north and south, as far as the eye can reach. This plain is tolerably well cultivated, and appearances indicated that the husbandman is well rewarded for his toil. Half a mile before you reach the mountain, stand a clean, comfortable tavern, kept by a Mr. Lawrence. Here parties of pleasure used to lodge before the erection of the hotel on the Pine Orchard, on going to, and returning from the mountain. They now only stop to refresh. But as an inducement to linger a few moments, the landlord holds captive, and in chains, a full-grown bear, caught some months since upon the mountains. The price of admittance is only three cents; but although Sir Bruin appeared very partial to Major N—, of our party, seeming in fact to recognize him as an old acquaintance, the gallant Major declared the exhibition an imposition, as he could see greater bears at Old Tannany, at any time for nothing!

We ascended the mountain at a slow rate, but upon an excellent turnpike, which as we have before said, winds its way up the mighty steep—now turning round the base of some lofty promontory, now lost in the deep-tangled copse, now leaping the frightful ravine, and now pursuing its way up the thick shaded glen—until we arrived at the Mountain Hotel, which, though spacious, and of itself lofty, from the river appears but a little speck upon the brow of this mighty eminence. The rock upon which this establishment is founded, projects out like a circular platform, beyond the regular line of the ridge; and the table on which it is erected, consisting of an acre or two of land, is generally of an even surface, but rocky, and covered with scattered, though scragged and unthrifty pines, from which it has derived its name. The house is approached circuitously from the rear and on reaching the front, the tremendous prospect suddenly opens below and before you. Burke, remarks that height is less grand than depth; and that we are more struck at looking down from a precipice, than looking up at an object of equal height. The correctness of this opinion will not be questioned by those who from below have looked up to the hotel almost without emotion, and who, again, have looked down from these shelving cliffs with giddy heads, and trembling, breathless interest. The hotel is three stories high, and has wide and commodious piazzas in front, the whole length, and a wing is projected to the west for lodging rooms. Although the establishment is in its infancy, and although even vegetables must be brought from below the mountain; yet the table is well spread, and few of the nicer luxuries are wanting, even in this recess of the mountains. The principal difficulty has been, that the accommodations are too limited. The proprietors had no idea of the number that would visit the mountains, and have therefore not been able to accommodate more than one third of their company. Two large buildings, however, are to be erected before another season. The house is kept by Mr. Van Bergen, late of Catskill, who deserves credit for his politeness and attention to his visitors.

On arriving at the summit of the mountain, a visible alteration was perceived in the temperature of the atmosphere. The day, although not excessively hot, had been more than comfortably warm. As the evening advanced, the windows and doors were successively closed, and their guests were observed to return from their chambers in warmer apparel than they went. Several lovers, who, it was whispered, were soon to be linked in the golden fetters of matrimony, were of the number: and these were observed shivering in the breeze, while attempting to stroll about at those hours when lovers delight to walk. But cupid had to beat a retreat, and the fond lovers returned with a fair prospect of sore throats and agues acquired in the vain attempt to realize what poets have sung of shady groves, and purling streams, and gentle breezes. Indeed, as Horace Walpole said of an English summer, the Zephyr proved to be a north-west wind, that made Damon button up to the chin, and pinched Chloe's nose till it was red and blue. The sky was clear, and the sun sunk to rest in golden splendor. In the language of the poet—

How gloriously the God of day  
Pour'd his last ray of crimson light around us!  
The zenith, sun, is set with ruby gems!  
While all below—from where vermilion clouds  
Pavilion earth, vale, mountain, streamlet plain—  
Grows dim, like wrecks of mighty cities seen,  
At times, 'tis said, beneath the dead sea's surges!  
Fountain of light! oh! who can wonder that  
The Gheber should adore thee in thy brightness!  
And climb, with martyr-like devotion still,  
The mountain altars of old Iran's faith!  
For I could gaze upon thee in thy beauty  
Till my soul turns idolatrous towards thee!

As night shut in, the cold increased—and the wind howled through the cleft of the moun-

tain with the hoarse sullen manner of an autumnal blast. But as midnight advanced, the breeze was lulled to silence, and peace and stillness reigned around and below us.

[To be continued.]

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

The Treasury Office.—This is the house that SAM built.

The Public Money.—This is the malt that lay in the house that SAM built.

The Prodigal Nation.—This is the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that SAM built.

W. H. Crawford.—This is the Cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that SAM built.

Ninian Edwards.—This is the Dog that worried the Cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that SAM built.

Adams and Calhoun.—These are the men who founded the Dog that worried the Cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that SAM built.

Public Opinion.—This is the Lion that crushed the men who founded the Dog that worried the Cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that SAM built.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

The Treasury Office.—This is the house that Jack built.

The Public Money.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

W. H. Crawford.—This is the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Ninian Edwards.—This is the Cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

The Radical Faction.—This is the Dog that worried the Cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Public Opinion.—This is the Lion that crushed the Dog that worried the Cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Extracted from late London Papers.

LITERATURE.—The author of "Rings of Gilhaize," the "Spawfife," and other popular novels, was about to publish a new work called "Rotheian, a Tale of English Histories."

Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" has been translated into French; also, Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

A German, residing in Japan, is writing a treatise on the natural history of that country, which is expected to convey much information, very interesting to Europeans.

New South Wales Almanacs, for 1822 and 1823, had been received in London, and are said to be compiled and executed in a manner calculated to do credit to the literary character of the Australasians.

"A voyage to Cochinchina, by Lieut. White, of the United States Navy," has attracted considerable notice in London. The Reviewers speak of it as a work, though defective in literary merit, yet furnishing a curious account of a country which has been but seldom visited.

A. M. James Buchanan has published a large 8vo. volume, entitled "Sketches of the History, Manners and Customs of the North-American Indians," in which he is said to have refuted all the calumnies cast on these people, by indisputable facts. He states that he devoted three years of his life in the United States and Upper Canada, to the obtaining of correct information respecting their character.

A Phœnician manuscript is stated to have been discovered by M. Champollion, of the Royal Egyptian Museum of Turin, among the papyrus lately collected in Egypt.

FROM SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

QUACKERY.—Dreadful Effects of an Excessive Use of Sulphur.—Professor Olmsted, in a geological excursion in the county of Wake, North-Carolina, met with the following fact, which we present in his words: "At Mr. Thompson's, where I dined, I saw a fellow-creature whose sufferings made me truly thankful even for my own imperfect health. He was a son of Mrs. T. and nearly fifty years of age. When I came into the porch, he was sitting before the entrance in an elbow chair, surrounded with pillows, with no clothing but a frock of linen, that came half way down his knees. The ghastly image of death was imprinted on every part of his emaciated frame.—The bones of his arms and legs were hardly covered with flesh, and the joints of the knees, and the largest joints of the fingers, were increased to an enormous size. His knees were drawn together beyond the power of separation, shortening the left leg so that nothing but the toes touched the floor. The hands forcibly and irremovably fixed to the breast, the distorted fingers being bent backward, forming an arch over the swollen mound at the joints. A little motion with the ends of the fingers was all the sufferer could produce; and I was much impressed with the insensibility of man to his ordinary blessings, when I saw this poor invalid call several times for a servant to brush off a fly that was biting his leg unmolested. On his back was a running sore, which his friends were uncertain whether to ascribe to disease, or to the effects of lying so long in a horizontal and immovable posture. The daily dressing of this sore, which was performed while I was present, gave him so great pain, that he was unable to sit up a moment after it was completed. Three servants took him up with all possible care, and laid him on the bed; while the extruding misery which this gentle movement produced, filled the mouth of the sufferer with groans and entreaties. Here he lay, bewailing his lot in a hollow, piteous tone, and crying 'Oh that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret, until thy wrath be past!' On inquiring the cause of his sufferings, I was told that three years ago, being afflicted with rheumatism, he took the advice of a quack to attempt its cure by enormous doses of sulphur. With this view, he mixed a pound of sulphur with five quarts of water, and stirring it, took half a pint three times a day, until he had taken six pounds of sulphur.—Soon after, commenced the pain and distortion of his limbs, which had subjected him to increasing and excruciating sufferings ever since."

Would you punish the spiteful? Show him that you are above his malice. The dart he threw at you will rebound and pierce him to the heart.

Let scandal alone and it will die of itself; oppose it, and it will spread the faster.

# OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1824.

## EXHIBITION AT HEBRON ACADEMY.

An Exhibition at Hebron Academy is to take place on Wednesday next, (Oct. 27.) It will be seen by an advertisement in this day's paper, that the anniversary of the "Tyrocinic Society" will be held in the forenoon of the same day, at the Meeting-House, near the Academy.

The article "On gathering and securing Potatoes," which appeared in our paper of the 30th ult., was copied from the New-England Farmer, and by accident was not credited to that paper, at the time of its publication. It is not our intention to pilfer from others, without due acknowledgment.

THANKSGIVING. Thursday, the second day of December next, has been set apart by the Governor, with advice of Council, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise throughout this State.

The same day is to be observed in Massachusetts; and Thursday, 11th of Nov. next, in N. Hampshire.

## FOR THE OBSERVER.

REPUBLICANS OF OXFORD.—"The enemy cometh at an hour you know not of." A secret foe does the most mischief when he makes the least noise. In the days gone by, of noise and clamor, our party was in no danger, for every man was vigilant and at his post. He watched every winding and coiling, and manœuvring of the federal party, for they excited his suspicion. But since their strong holds are broken down, regardless of our own safety, we embrace them to our bosoms, and unite them in our political labors. Our most confidential meetings are presided over by those disaffected to our cause, and their proceedings recorded by aliens to our principles. True these two united forces whisper peace to our ears; but their bosoms writhe under the recollections of their past defeats; they have sworn vengeance to their victors, and will embrace the first opportunity to carry their threats into execution; what they cannot effect by force and persuasion, they will accomplish by stratagem; they now lay in ambush to take us by surprise, and unless we rouse from our listlessness, we soon, very soon, exchange places with our vanquished opponents. But you exclaim that the Wingate faction is silenced forever—that their schemes are defeated and that they exist only in name. But is not their defeat so humiliating, so replete with mortification and chagrin, that they will abandon their own ephemeral creed, and, to seek their vengeance on us, will revolt to our common foe? This, gentlemen, they have already done, and you are to judge of their motives. Is there any one so blind as not to see a most conciliating, and accommodating spirit between these two parties? They exchange favors, reciprocate kindnesses, and confer mutual obligations with all the cheerfulness and courtesy of members of the same fraternity. Can we rest satisfied there is no design? Can these elements, of such different materials, and which but a short time since were in such terrible conflicts, now harmlessly unite without any convulsion? This paradoxical question is answered in the affirmative. They united last winter in spirit and in mass, in the nomination of Messrs. Fillebrown and Campbell for Electors at large. But, gentlemen, shall we pollute our hands by voting for persons nominated by so corrupt a source?—Shall we submit to the direction of these two powers, who have combined solely and intently for our destruction? Shall we put our necks to the block, and bid our enemies chop them off at their discretion? Messrs. TALLMAN and CHADWICK are unpledged candidates, regularly nominated by republicans of the old school; their characters are established, and unimpeached; in their official capacities they will keep a firm and steady eye to the interests of your County and your State. You hazard nothing in entrusting your political concerns with them. But, even should their views be obnoxious to your feelings, treat with contempt the men who shall offer you a ticket for candidates inimical to your principles, and regardless of the public good, only so far as it is connected with their own party aggrandizement. This amalgamation of federal and Wingate principles is the last resort of a long contested minority, and a disappointed, disaffected clan, who will adopt the basest of measures to overthrow your party. Will you, as electors of Oxford, listen to their soft whispers, and view their smiles of hypocrisy, and rest regardless of their dagger, pointed at your political existence? Let them succeed in carrying one point, and their energies will be redoubled, and that firm and foremost stand, which the republican County of Oxford has long proudly held, is wrenched from you forever. Oxford has long been looked up to, by our brethren in our sister Counties, as a proud beacon of Republicanism, by which to direct them in the stormy season of party spirit. And now shall we suffer the disgrace of being duped by these base intriguers, whom we have heretofore most triumphantly defeated? Sooner carry your votes for federalists, firm and invariable in their course, and who avowedly oppose you, than for the pretended republican, who, through disappointment and chagrin, will sell his own birthright, and barter his hope of salvation, to overthrow your political policy, and abolish your present administration. Shall we come forward on the first Monday of November, and give our votes for men that act altogether on the principle of self-promotion and party aggrandizement? Shall we throw our votes for Fillebrown and Campbell, when we have such candidates as Chadwick and Tallman—men who have long been tried in the balance of public scrutiny and never found wanting? No, gen-

tlemen, you will not be so reckless of your own interests, so regardless of your political friends, and will never so jeopardize your political safety, as to join with your secret foes, and choose men of their own nomination, to direct your most important affairs.

## CINCINNATUS.

### FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor—I have perused "Honestus on Caucusing," but have discovered none of those traits of candor, which I had been led to anticipate. But, on the contrary, I really consider it one of the most artful and fallacious productions, which I have yet seen upon the subject. He says, that

"A caucus, if properly constituted (and none other will be advocated) is composed of persons residing in different parts of a community, and authorized by special appointment or by usage, to represent the principles, views and sentiments of their immediate constituents, upon the subject of selecting suitable persons, to be supported and chosen into office at an approaching election. Thus assembled in caucus, the delegates give a true representation of the different parts from which they come, and also concentrate much information concerning the personal and relative merits of the men who may be proposed as candidates; and thereby have an opportunity of finally nominating such men as shall be considered the most meritorious and trust-worthy of the people's rights, and at the least sacrifice of personal and sectional predilections."

And he affirms, that, "Except in cases of actual deviation from the instructions, or dereliction from the political principles of their constituents, the acts of the delegates, upon every principle of honesty and fair dealing, are as much entitled to the support of the public, as though the whole people had met in convention and made the nomination."

Now, Mr. Editor, let us look at a caucus constituted in this "proper" manner. Let us take for example the one actually held at Paris in June, 1821, and see how these principles may operate upon our free elective rights.

The true history of that affair, it is believed, was substantially as follows. One day about noon, during Court week, a public notice, for the first time, appeared and was posted upon the door of the Court House, calling a County caucus to be held, on the evening of that day, at that place. At candle lighting a promiscuous assembly appeared in the house, were called to order and regularly organized for business. A list of the several towns composing Oxford County was then read over, and where any persons happened to be there from the respective towns, they were chosen on the spot as the representatives of such towns; and for towns, from which no person was present, a representative was appointed from some other part, and in some cases from the opposite extreme of the County. Now, according to "Honestus," here was a caucus "properly constructed;" the persons who composed it were from different parts of the County, though some lived fifty or sixty miles from the towns which they pretended to represent; they were "authorized by special appointment or usage," and probably by both, though the great body of the electors knew nothing of the affair; they "faithfully represented the principles, views and sentiments of their immediate constituents"—the packers and managers of the fight; they were guilty of no "deviation from instructions, or dereliction from the principles of their immediate constituents," and therefore according to the inference of "Honestus," "their acts, in honesty and upon every principle of fair dealing, were as much entitled to the support of the public as if the whole body of the electors had met in convention and made the nomination." And yet it is strenuously contended by the managers on that occasion, that this was one of the fullest, and, on the whole, fairest caucuses ever held in this County. Here it is said "the business was not all cut and dried beforehand." No private circular from a pretended "County Committee" was sent out to trusty individuals in the several towns to send on "staunch men, who would be up to all rigs in supporting their schemes." But after all, the lies of "honesty and fair dealing" were hardly sufficient to secure the election from the people, to the caucus candidates. Ambitious and disappointed demagogues challenged the divine right of the caucus managers, and the people in a "clandestine" and "surreptitious" manner supported their own favorites; so that these candidates came in only with the skin of their teeth—a breath more of opposition and they had totally failed. Now, what shall be done? Shall those who disregard the obligations of "honesty and fair dealing" be indulged in what "Honestus" calls "the pitiful subterfuge that it [the Caucus] has not the force of constitutional law, and legislative enactment?" Certainly not. If "Honestus" is correct in his principles and inferences, our Constitutions and Laws should be immediately abrogated, and the people should be compelled, by hard necessity, to perform what "honesty and fair dealing" so justly require. The people must be compelled either not to vote at all, or to vote for such candidates as are set up by these self-created caucuses. It is true, when this is effected, the free and independent yeomen of America, will become as perfectly slaves, as the negroes are upon the West-India Plantations; but then the liberties of nations, nor even the happiness of worlds, can ever justify the violence of the immutable principles of "honesty and fair dealing." "Honestus" contends that Legislative caucuses are not self-created, but that they receive their authority from other subordinate caucuses, from private letters and public newspapers. This reminds me of the assertion of an Indian philosopher, who said it was impossible for the world to be suspended upon nothing; that it was probably supported upon the back of an Elephant, which was again supported by a smaller animal, till you get down to so small an insect that it could easily stand upon nothing. We know little of

the extended ramifications of the caucus system, and it would probably require an old "juggler" to tell what one stands at the bottom, and gives support and power to all the rest; but it is easy to see, that, wherever it may be, it must itself stand upon nothing. But, "Honestus" affirms that if they ever possessed no such authority, "the right of usage" would afford them ample power. "This right sanctions all things." It has been the standing right of tyrants and despotism in all countries and ages of the world; and it is, I fear, that fatal right, by which ambitious and unprincipled men, will one day succeed, in battering down the fair temple of Liberty in our own beloved country.

TURNER.

## PLANTING TREES.

### From the New-England Farmer.

TO THE EDITOR.—Sir: Contemplating the usefulness of your paper, and reflecting that one great object of it is to dissipate all erroneous theories which may be prevalent among the agricultural part of the community, I determined to prepare the following remarks for consideration. Anticipating the planting of a nursery, it remained to me doubtful which was the most expedient method; for not long since I read in print, that a nursery should not be planted in good and rich land, because when transplanted the trees should be conveyed to a superior soil to that from which they were taken; and then they would fulfil the expectations of the industrious farmer. But I observed in your paper (vol. iii. p. 41) the opinion of Mr. Miller, the father of horticulture in Great-Britain, that young trees should be raised on good land; and that it was necessary they should carry a stock of health and strength, to enable them to live on poor land; which of the above recommendations will stand best in practical demonstration, is the inquiry of the subscriber.

If the analogy is invariable between the animal and vegetable creation, I should suppose that the most credible testimony appears in favor of the former instead of the latter—that young trees should be fed with an increased proportion of food, instead of diminishing as they increased in age. For illustration, suppose there was a large army, consisting of young men all in a healthy and thriving condition, and fed daily with what nature actually needed for a time; how diminish their food in time of necessity—would these soldiers (the roots) supply the officers (the trees) with what the country [the husbandman] expected. But it is further observed that a plant raised on poor land has not a "due proportion of roots." "Transplanting it into a similar land is not likely to increase it." "This I apprehend, no one will attempt to refute." Whereas the same plant, if raised in strong land, would have twice as much root; and when transplanted, these roots will be able to find nourishment even from poor land, because they have more mouths to collect it." But, suppose, for instance, that a man with a number of mouths who could use them all with the utmost dexterity, should sit down with a common gentleman to a table where there was nothing to supply the cravings of nature, I cannot conceive, Mr. Editor, what superior advantage the extra-mouthed-man would possess over the other. Therefore, I doubt not but your goodness, or that of some of your correspondents, will undertake to eradicate all erroneous theoretical or hypothetical disquisition, and draw the line where it would be most useful and beneficial to the farmer, and decide whether young trees when transplanted, should be put into a poorer soil, a richer, or a soil like that from which they were removed. As there is but one end to a rope, (although Patrick said it had three) so there is but one right way for planting and transplanting young trees. The truth yet remains doubtful, and the error is not yet banished from among our New-England Farmers. Surely at a time when our public papers are in dispute on such a topic, agriculture must be in its infancy, although it was established a very short time after our first parents ate of the forbidden fruit of the garden.

As the raising, cultivating, and managing of fruit trees, is of great importance to every farmer, the dividing line between truth and error ought to be drawn, that farmers may proceed in the path of correctness; and with industry and application, seek the one thing needful for improvement in agriculture, and by seeking we are assured that we shall find.

I am, Sir, yours with the greatest sincerity and respect  
J. W. CAPRON

Attleboro', Oct. 4, 1824.

### [REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.]

A great disagreement of opinion has been manifested relative to the proper soil for a nursery of fruit trees. But most modern writers adopt the sentiments of Mr. Miller, mentioned above. Dr. Thacher says, "there is a close analogy between vegetable and animal life;—and it is a dictate of nature, that both require a full supply of nourishment from their earliest existence. It would be absurd to suppose that the tender roots of young seedlings are capable of drawing sufficient nourishment from a rank, barren, and uncultivated soil, and those that are barely supported or nearly starved at first, will never afterwards become vigorous, stately and handsome, though surrounded by the richest mould. Repeated experiments have proved that a strong and vigorous plant that has grown up quickly, and arrived at considerable magnitude in a short time, never fails to grow better after transplanting, than another of the same size that is older and stunted in its growth. When the soil is poor and lean, trees in every stage of growth are observed to be languid, weak and stunted; while those reared in a good mellow soil always assume a free growth, and advance with strength and vigor. It is evident, therefore, that the ground to be occupied by a fruit nursery, requires to be made rich and fertile. The soil should also be deep, well pulverized and cleared of all roots and weeds."—Thacher's Orchardist, p. 30.

Mr. Coxe, likewise, gives directions to sow the seeds "in autumn, on rich ground."—On the other hand, the Farmer's Assistant says, "it would seem to be

the better plan to make the nursery on such ground as is but ill suited to the growth of the trees to be raised; for by afterwards placing them in a soil that is natural to them, they will grow more thrifty than trees raised in a nursery where the soil is suited to their growth."—Dr. Dean, likewise, says, "in a nursery for fruit trees, the land should not be quite so rich as that into which they are to be transplanted; because it will be better for them to have their nourishment increased than diminished, as they increase in age."—The Farmer's Guide says, "we agree with a late writer in opinion, that the soil ought to be naturally good, for at least one full spade deep, or if more the better; that a loamy soil, of a moderately light temperature is best, and that it cannot naturally be too good. It is very wrong to enrich nurseries with dung, particularly until it is very old, and almost turned into earth. It is not absolutely necessary that the soil should be exceedingly rich, but over carefully manured. A medium between the two extremes is best; such as any good substantial garden ground, or good mellow pasture land. The situation most favorable is a piece of level ground, neither wet nor dry, free from stones, in an open situation, where fruit trees have not lately grown, and indeed any other deep-rooted plants."—On the whole, we are of opinion that in this as in many other cases in which disputes exist, the truth lies between the two contending parties, and that neither is wholly right nor yet altogether wrong. Young fruit trees, as well as young animals, should neither be stuffed nor starved, but fed with food convenient for them.

## Heat and Drought of the respective Summers, through Europe, from the year 762 down to 1811.

In 763, the summer was so hot that the springs dried up.

In 870, the heat was so intense that, near Worms, the reapers dropped dead in the fields.

In 993, and again in 994, it was so hot that the corn and fruit were burnt up.

The year 1000, was so hot and dry, that in Germany the pools of water disappeared, and the fish, being left to stink in the mud, bred a pestilence.

In 1022, the heat was so excessive, that both men and cattle were struck dead.

In 1330, the earth yawned with drought. Springs and rivers disappeared; and even the Rhine was dried up in Alsace.

In 1559, not a drop of rain fell in Italy after the month of May.

The year 1171 was extremely hot in Germany.

In 1232, the heat was so great, especially in Germany, that it is said that eggs were roasted in the sands.

In 1260, many of the Hungarian soldiers died of excessive heat at the famous battle fought at Bela.

The consecutive years 1276 and 1277 were so hot and dry as to occasion a great scarcity of fodder.

The years 1293 and 1294 were extremely hot, and so were likewise 1303 and 1304, both the Rhine and the Danube having dried up.

In 1333, the corn-fields and vineyards were burnt up.

The years 1393 and 1394 were excessively hot and dry.

In 1447, the summer was extremely hot.

In the successive years, 1473 and 1474, the whole earth seemed on fire. In Hungary, one could walk across the Danube.

The four consecutive years, 1538, 1539, 1540, and 1541, were excessively hot, and rivers dried up.

In 1556, the drought was so great that the springs failed. In England, wheat rose from 5s. to 55s. a quarter.

The years 1615 and 1616 were very dry over Europe.

In 1646, it was excessively hot.

In 1652, the warmth was very great, the summer being the driest ever known in Scotland; yet a total eclipse of the sun had happened that year, on Monday, the 24th March, which thence received the appellation of *Mirk Monday*.

The summer of 1679 was remarkably hot. It is related that one of the minions of tyranny, who in that calamitous period, harassed the poor presbyteries in Scotland with captious questions, having asked a shepherd in Fife, whether the killing of the notorious Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's (which had happened in May) was murder; he replied, that he could not tell, but that there had been fine weather ever since.

The first year of the eighteenth century was excessively warm, and the two following years were of the same description.

It is a singular coincidence, that in 1718, at the distance precisely of 100 years from the present, the weather was extremely hot and dry all over Europe. The air felt so oppressive, that all the theatres were shut in Paris. Scarcely any rain fell for the space of 9 months, and the springs and rivers were dried up.

The following year was equally hot. The thermometer at Paris rose to 98 degrees by Fahrenheit's scale. The grass and corn were quite parched. In some places, the fruit trees blossomed two or three times.

Both the years 1723 and 1724 were dry and hot.

The year 1746 was remarkably warm and dry, but the following year was still hotter; inasmuch that the grass withered, and the leaves dropt from the trees. Neither rain nor dew fell for several months; and on the Continent, prayers were offered up in the churches to implore the bounty of refreshing showers.

In 1748, the summer was again very warm.

In 1754, it was likewise extremely warm.

The year 1760, 1761 were both of them remarkably hot; and so was the year 1763.

In 1774, it was excessively hot and dry.

Both the years 1778 and 1779 were warm and very dry.

The year 1788 was also very hot and dry; and of the same character was 1811, famous for its excellent vintage, and distinguished by the appearance of a brilliant comet.

EXTRACT from an Oration pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa, Aug. 27, 1824, by E. EVERETT.

"Yes, my friends, such is the exhortation which calls on us to exert our powers, to employ our time, and consecrate our labors in the cause of our native land. When we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race, when we survey the progress of man, from his cradle in the East to these last limits of his wandering; when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, bearing his household gods over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise, to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes, we cannot but exclaim with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate of England, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings, on our country,

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way!

The four first acts already past,

The fifth shall close the drama with the day;

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

"In that high romance, if romance it be, in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets beheld it in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards surveyed it in the Hyperborean regions; the sage of the academy placed it in the lost Atlantis; and even the sterner spirit of Seneca could discern a fairer abode of humanity, in distant regions then unknown. We

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look back upon these uninspired predictions and almost recoil from the obligations they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized, by us must be fulfilled these long aspirations, which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth.—There are no more continents or worlds to be revealed; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean, the farthest Thule is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here then a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never by the race of mortals. The man, who looks with tenderness on the sufferings of good men in other times; the descendant of the pilgrims, who cherishes the memory of his fathers; the patriot, who feels an honest glow at the majesty of the system of which he is a member; the scholar, who beholds with rapture the long sealed book of unprejudiced truth expanded to all to read; these are they, by whom these auspices are to be accomplished. Yes, brethren, it is by the intellect of the country, that the mighty mass is to be inspired; that its parts are to be communicated and sympathized, its bright progress to be adorned with becoming refinements, its strong sense uttered, its character collected, its feelings interpreted to its own children, to other regions, and to after ages.

Meantime the years are passing away and gathering importance in their course. With the present year will be completed the half century from that most important era in human history, the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand. The space of time, that has elapsed from that momentous date, has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom, under Providence, we owe our national existence and privileges. A few still survive among us, to reap the rich fruits of their labors and sufferings; and one has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age, to receive the gratitude of the nation, to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history, that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage in the first ship they should dispatch to America, they were obliged to answer him, (so low and abject was then our dear native land,) that they possessed not the means nor the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel, in all the ports of France. Then, exclaimed the youthful hero, "I will provide my own;" and it is a literal fact, when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

"Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed, the assurance that throughout America, there is not a bosom, which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Green, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown, have fallen, before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac, he lies in glory and in peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at his door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence, to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome, in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, welcome, welcome La Fayette.

#### BUSY BODIES.

Every man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind trouble enough, in his own fortune evils enough, and in performance of his office failings more than enough to entertain his own inquiry; so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind. What is it to me if my neighbor's grandfather were a *Syrion*, or his grandmother illegitimate, or that another is indebted five thousand pounds, or whether his wife be expensive? But commonly curious persons, or (as the Apostle's phrase is,) busy-bodies, are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person; but if there be any thing for which men keep locks and bars, and porters, things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their care and their business. But if great things will satisfy our inquiry, the courses of the sun and moon, the spots in their faces, the firmament of heaven and the supposed orbs, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, are work enough for us; or, if this be not, let him tell me whether the number of the stars be even or odd, and when they began to be so: since some ages have discovered new stars which the former knew not, but might have seen if they had been where now they are fixed. If these be too troublesome, search lower, and tell me why this turf this year brings forth a daisy, and the next year a plantain; why the apple bears his seed in his heart, and wheat bears it in his head; let him tell why a graft taking nourishment from a crab stock shall have a fruit more noble than its nurse and parent; let him say why the best of oil is at the top, the best of wine in the middle, and the best of honey at the bottom, otherwise than it is in some liquors that are thinner and in some thicker. But these things are not such as please busy bodies; they must feed upon tragedies, and stories of misfortunes and crimes; and yet tell them ancient stories of the ravishment of chaste maidens, or the debauchment of nations, or the extreme poverty of learned persons, or the persecutions of the old saints, or the changes of government, and sad accidents happening in royal families among the *Asacidae* the *Cæsars*, the *Ptolemies*, these were enough to scratch the itch of knowing sad stories; but unless you tell them something sad and new, something that is done within the bounds of their own knowledge or relation, it seems tedious and unsatisfying; which shows plainly it is an evil spirit; envy and idleness

married together and begot curiosity. Therefore *Plutarch* rarely well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable gates of cities, out of which only malefactors and hangmen, and tragedies pass, nothing that is chaste or holy. If a physician should go from house to house unsent for, and inquire what woman hath a cancer in her bowels, or what man a fistula in his stomach, though he could pretend to cure it, he would be almost as unwelcome as the disease itself; and therefore it is inhuman to inquire after crimes and disasters without pretence of amending them, but to discover them. We are not angry with searchers and publicans when they look only on public merchandise, but when they break open trunks, and pierce vessels and unrip packs, and open sealed letters.

Ser. Taylor.

#### DOMESTIC ITEMS.

**New-Orleans, Sept. 9.**—The yellow fever still rages throughout our devoted city with more malignancy than has ever been witnessed by the oldest inhabitants.

**The gale at the South.**—We continue to receive most distressing accounts of the late gale. A Columbia, S. C. paper of Sept. 24, says: "The damage done to the crops of corn, cotton and rice, in this State, it is believed, upon an average, may be correctly calculated at half the whole crop. Some planters have lost their entire crop of corn and cotton. These are generally the most wealthy who own immense plantations in the swamps and low grounds, which have been totally covered with water. The fields looked like broad lakes, with here and there a small knoll or island, above water. It was really distressing in the highest degree, to get into a canoe and traverse some of the swamps and low grounds. Many persons neglected to move away their cattle and hogs in time; and their floating dead bodies drifting against trees and rafts of timber, every where marked the ravages of the flood.

We have been favored with the following extract of a letter from Isaac Snow, Esq. Postmaster, to his brother in this town, dated

**Darien, Geo. Sept. 21.** "On the 14th inst. at about 8 o'clock, the gale had increased to such a height that we began to be alarmed for our lives: and in a few minutes the water came up and surrounded our houses, and the wind blew away the top and unroofed my kitchen (three in number) out of which I was able to take all the negroes. The wind freshened from N. E. with continual rain, the evening uncommonly dark and gloomy—at 9 P. M. the wind increased to a violent hurricane, a heavy surf commenced and the whole sea seemed to be out of its bounds. We then left the house where we were in, and took shelter in an adjoining one, where we remained but a few moments, before the whole seemed to be surrounded by the sea, and we were again obliged to retreat for our lives into the yard, and from thence to the stable, which was the only building standing on the place, out of ten in number. As soon as I entered the whole came down and the only persons saved out of thirteen, were my wife, myself, and a very small negro girl. Mr. R. E. Merrill, my wife's sister, two brothers, and my child, were drowned, together with five negroes."

[A Savannah paper of the 25th ult. says—"Mr. Snow saved himself by clinging to the trees. Mrs. Snow was found in the morning on Mr. Nephew's plantation, where she had floated on a part of the roof of one of their buildings."]

*Manufacturers' and Farmers' Journal.*

**CHARLESTON, Sept. 27.** There has been a very destructive freshet at *Santee*. The waters rose five feet in 36 hours. One letter says, "we are ruined. I had prospects a fortnight ago of reaping the toils of years of labor, but they are all blasted." Another, "I had 48 acres of rice uncut, and the water is two feet above the tops of it."

The damage done to the rice crops in Georgetown, is enormous. All the plantations were under water and ruin and devastation were spread over the land. From Camden the tidings are equally distressing.

#### LA FAYETTE IN PHILADELPHIA.

**PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 6.** On Saturday General La Fayette visited Southwark and the Navy Yard, in the splendid barouche and six, furnished by the City. A large escort and procession accompanied him. Gov. Shulze was also in the barouche. His arrival at the Yard was announced by a salute from the John Adams, commanded by Capt. Dallas. He first alighted at Maj. Gamble's quarters, where he received an address from the corporation of Southwark. As he passed the green a number of children chanted suitable pieces of music in honor of the Hero. He was then received by Com. Barron and his officers; was addressed by the former, and took a view of the ships of war, &c. A collation was provided in the Mould room by the officers of the station, at which over 500 Ladies and 200 Gentlemen were present. After refreshment the Commodore introduced the Ladies separately to the General, who took each by the hand, receiving from them very agreeable tokens of affection and admiration. The *John Adams* was beautifully decorated and manned on the occasion. The reception of the Gen. by Mrs. Gamble was universally praised.

After returning from the Navy Yard, the Gen. dined with upwards of 400 Brethren of the Fraternity, at the Masonic Hall. The scene was brilliant and magnificent. The following was the General's toast: "The Navy and Yards of the question of Masonry."—"The Navy, Francis 1st, of Austria, and Ferdinand, 7th, of Spain."—"The Navy, Washington and Franklin." Of the Masons present were Brothers G. W. La Fayette, La Vasseur, Commodore Stewart, Major Gamble, Gen. Porter and Col. Victor Dupert, of Delaware, former aid to Brother La Fayette.

**Fire.**—Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, the building owned and occupied by the Providence Iron Foundry Company, with about fifty cords of wood, was consumed by fire. By the spirited exertions of the fire companies, the adjacent building occupied by the company as a store, and containing the castings and greater part of the patterns, was saved. The company consists of Messrs. B. and C. Dyer, Samuel Slater, David Wilkinson, and Capt. Calvin Thomas. Loss estimated at \$3000.

The search for Gold in North Carolina still continues. On the 28th ult. upwards of 2000 penny-weights of pure virgin gold were found near Parker's ferry in Montgomery county. A lump weighing 4 lbs. was found by a small boy, about 10 feet below the surface of the earth. It is perfectly pure, and almost as soft as lead.—More than 100 men are said to be digging for gold. It has hitherto been found on loose, sandy, loamy earth.—*Richmond Compiler.*

A Wen, weighing 7 lbs. was lately cut from the right breast of D. F. Delesdernier, Esq. a gentleman 73 years of age, resident at Lubec, Maine. It had been growing for upwards of 20 years. The operation was performed, in five minutes, by Dr. Ayer.

**Sickness, &c.**—A Charleston letter says, "Fullin's Island is a complete hospital; whole families are thrown down with the fever."

**Horrid.**—Five head of cattle belonging to Mr. Danforth, of Amherst, N. H. were shot in the field by some brutal biped, and so wounded, that they all died in great agony soon after.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

##### FRANCE.

**PARIS, Aug. 26.**—A Telegraphic despatch from Gen. Digeon, in Madrid, to the Minister at War, dated the 23d, P. M. announces, that the fortress of *Tariffa*, was taken by storm on the 19th by the French and Spanish troops. The rebels retreated to the island, which was the next day attacked and taken by the 34th French regiment. One Chief only escaped in a boat; the rest were killed or taken, and the latter delivered up to the Spanish authorities.

The *Madrid* papers contain the particulars of a horrid riot, which took place in that city on the 26th July. It began in a tavern, between some French and Spanish soldiers, and was attended with bloodshed. The populace took part with the Spanish soldiers crying "Death to the French." Gen. O'Donovan and General Quesada, hastened to the scene of combat and restored order. The French were only armed with sabres, but the Spaniards had muskets; nevertheless the latter had more killed and wounded than the former. The Spanish loss was six killed and twelve wounded. This riot has given rise to innumerable false reports, and futile remarks. Tumults of the kind are not uncommon between soldiers of different nations when in their cups. It will have no political ramifications.

**PARIS, Aug. 29.** The King, after hearing mass, and transacting business with his Prime Minister, took an airing in an open chaise to *St. Cloud*. His Majesty's indisposition is in his limbs, which are much swollen with dropsical affections. His spirits are good, and he neglects no part of his cabinet business. Previous to his late birth-day he was advised by his Ministers not to undergo the fatigues of holding a Court, as it might increase his illness, when his answer was:—"A king of France may die, but he never must be ill." His replies to the compliments of the foreign Ministers were in his usual lively and sententious style.

**LONDON, Sept. 1.** Government has given a decided refusal to an application of the Spanish Government for the purchase of a number of frigates. The official agent on this business, it is said, has been inspecting Indianmen, and large ships, and taken the particulars of them to Paris.

Madrid advices intimate that the Don Francis, the Brother of the King, was about embarking for South America.

The basis of a Commercial Treaty with Buenos Ayres is said to have been agreed on.

The most flattering accounts of the harvest continue to be received from all quarters.

**French Navy.** A late ordinance directs, that the crews of the ships of 126 guns shall consist of 1070 in time of war, and 722 in peace; frigates of 60 guns 504 and 392, and so on for vessels of inferior rank.

The Viceroy of Egypt, is considered throughout Europe as the active promoter of the great interests of his kingdom, particularly agriculture, trade, science and the arts. We hope to be able in a few days to give some of the most important particulars of his history and character. At the present time he fills an important station in the political world, exercising despotic sway over one of the most fertile countries in the world. Possessing great bravery, and energy of character, and more intelligence than is common to the governors of Turkish provinces, he is supposed to be shaping his course for an eventual declaration of independence, and an entire renunciation of Ottoman sovereignty. By some statements it appears, that he has, among other things, turned his attention in earnest to the cultivation of cotton; and the rapid increase of the quantity produced in the second year beyond that of the first, shews, that it is becoming a very extensive business among the Egyptians. How the price of the Egyptian cotton compares with that raised in this country we have not examined. It seems the Viceroy, regulates that matter for his subjects at home. This measure, as the writer of the letter observes, will have a tendency to prevent material fluctuations in the market in Egypt.

*New-York Daily Advertiser.*

#### NOMINATIONS FOR ELECTORS.

ELECTION.....MONDAY, NOV. 1, 1824.

FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

[Two to be chosen.]

AT LARGE.

Thomas Fillebrown,  
James Campbell,  
William Chadwick  
Peleg Tallman.

YORK DISTRICT.

[One to be chosen.]

Nathaniel Hobbs.  
Henry Smith.

CUMBERLAND.

[One only to be chosen.]

William P. Preble.  
Joshua Taylor.

LINCOLN.

Stephen Parsons.

KENNEBEC.

James Parker.

OXFORD.

Benjamin Chandler.

SOMERSET AND PENOBSCOT.

[One to be chosen.]

Benjamin Nourse,  
Jonathan Farrar.

HANCOCK AND WASHINGTON.

[One to be chosen.]

Lemuel Prescott,  
Horatio G. Balch,

#### MARRIED.

In Turner, by Nathaniel Perley, Esq. Mr. Nathan Sawtell, to Miss Olive Whitman.

#### DIED.

In Jay, Oct. 11, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. James Starr, aged 79. She was born in Boston and removed from Bridgewater, Mass. to Jay. She was an affectionate companion and tender parent. In 1790, she espoused the cause of her blessed Redeemer; and by a public profession, became a member of a Calvinistic Baptist church; and so remained till her death. She always appeared steadfast in the faith, and adorned her profession, by a well ordered life and Godly conversation; and gave evidence to those around her, that there were far greater enjoyments in heavenly and divine things, than in the transitory objects of time and sense; and in full faith of a glorious immortality, she resigned her soul into the hands of her blessed Jesus.

A little before her death, while suffering a great degree of pain, being asked by a friend, if she was sensible that her departure was near, she said, yes; and repeated several appropriate passages of scripture; together with these lines from Watts:

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She was ever considered as a remarkably pious person; and was a mother in Israel. Religion appeared to be the great object and business of her life. In the various trials which she experienced, she was submissive to the will of God; and found that it was good for her to be afflicted; and was sensible that numberless mercies were granted, in seasons of the greatest adversity.

Her funeral sermon was preached by Elder Nelson, from Luke x. 42. "But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." The audience was very numerous; and the season uncommonly solemn and interesting. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."—*Comm.*

In the Newport Asylum, Bess Shearman, a black woman, supposed to be more than 100 years old.

#### Tyrocinic Adelphi.

THE MEMBERS of the Tyrocinic Adelphi are notified that their anniversary will be celebrated on Wednesday, the 27th inst., in the Meeting-House, near the Academy. An ORATION will be pronounced by Brother ELIAH L. HAMILIN, Esq. of Paris.—The Procession will form at half past nine.

Per Order, JOSIAH A. BEARCE, Sec'y.

Hebron, Oct. 8, 1824.

The Exhibition of the Academy will be in the afternoon of the same day.

#### Collector's Notice.....Porter.

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned, in the town of Porter, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned, Collector of said town of Porter, for the year 1824, in the respective sums following, viz:

Names of persons, if known.	Range.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Town and County.	State tax.	Highway tax.	Deficient tax.	Sum total.
Unknown,	A	18	100	6 96	47	7 56	14 93	
	A	17	100	2 95	20	3 21	6 36	
	A	18	100	3 48	24	3 78	7 50	
	A	19	100	3 48	24	2 52	6 24	
	B	16	57	1 39	9		1 46	
	B	19	40	1 74	12	1 89	3 75	
	C	12	44	1 52	10		1 62	
	C	17	50	1 74	12		1 86	
	C	18	100	3 48	24		3 72	
	C	19	100	5 22	35		5 57	
	D	17	50	2 18	15	3 15	5 48	
	D	18	100	4 35	29	3 15	7 79	
	D	19	100	4 35	29		4 64	
	E	16	100	5 22	35	3 78	9 33	
	E	17	100	1 74	12	09	3 75	
	E	18	100	4 35	28	4 73	9 36	
	E	20	50	1 74	12	1 09	3 75	
	F	12	100	4 35	29	4 73	9 37	
	F	8	100	3 48	24	3 78	7 50	
	F	7	100	3 48	24	2 52	6 24	
	F	6	100	3 48	24	2 52	6 24	
	F	2	50	1 74	12	1 26	3 12	
	F	5	100	3 48	24		3 72	
	G	19	40	2 08	14	1 52	3 74	
	G	13	200	6 96	47		7 43	
	G	8	200	6 96	47	5 04	12 47	
	G	7	200	6 96	47	5 04	12 47	
	G	6	167	5 81	39	6 30	12 50	
	G	5	150	5 22	35	5 67	11 24	
	G	2	100	3 48	24	3 78	7 50	
	G	14	75	3 48	24		3 72	

The said Collector will proceed, according to law, to sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, on the second day of December next, at the dwelling-house of Lieut. JONATHAN FOX, in said town of Porter, so much of the said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear, on or before that time, to discharge said taxes and charges.

RICHARD FOX,  
Collector as aforesaid.

Porter, October 19, 1824.

#### Anderson's Cough Drops.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Anderson's Celebrated COUGH DROPS. They are a most valuable medicine for the cure of coughs and consumption.

Also—Lee's Pills; Dean's Rheumatic Pills; Dr. Relf's Asthmatic Pills; Dr. Relf's Botanical Drops; Jaundice Bitters; Court Plaster; Itch Ointment, &c. &c. Oct. 14.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

THE MAINE

FARMER'S ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1825.

\*Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Col. Simeon Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Jarvis Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Paris; Enoch Crocker, Nathan Attwood and Messrs. Long & Loring, Buckfield; John R. Briggs, Woodstock; and the traders generally. Paris, October 14.

## POETRY.

Copied from the charms of Literature.

### THE BABE.

'Twas on a cliff, whose rocky base  
Baffled the briny wave;  
Whose cultur'd heights their verdant store  
To many tenant gave.

A mother, led by rustic cares,  
Had wander'd with her child;  
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the grass  
He frolick'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd  
To mark the infant's joy;  
How oft would pause, amidst her toil,  
To contemplate her joy.

Yet soon, by other cares estrang'd,  
Her thoughts the child forsook;  
Careless he wander'd on the ground,  
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropt was each flower that caught his eye.  
'Till scrambling o'er the green,  
He gained the cliff's unshelter'd edge,  
And pleas'd, survey'd the scene.

'Twas now the mother from her toil,  
Turned to survey the child—  
The urchin gone, her cheeks were flush'd,  
Her wandering eye was wild!

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink—  
Now careless peeping o'er—  
He turned, and to his mother smil'd,  
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice, 'twas vain to fly,  
'Twas vain the brink to brave;  
O, Nature it was thine alone,  
To prompt the means to save!

She tore the kerchief from her breast  
And laid her bosom bare;  
He saw delighted—left the brink,  
And sought to banquet there.

From the Aberdeen Journal.

### FEMALE PIETY.

'Tis sweet to see the opening rose,  
Spread its fair bosom to the sky;  
'Tis sweet to view, at twilight's close,  
The heav'n's bespangled canopy.

'Tis sweet, amid the vernal grove,  
To hear the thrush's fervent lay,  
Or hark, that wings his flight above,  
To hail the dawning of the day.

But sweeter far is maiden's eye  
Uprais'd to heaven in pious prayer:  
When bath'd in tears, she looks on high,  
What sacred eloquence there is!

O! sweeter far, that sacred name,  
"My father," utter'd by her tongue;  
And sweeter, when her heavenly flame  
Ascends in pious, holy song.

O, sweet when on the bended knee,  
Her thoughts, her spirit mount above,  
In pious, deep-felt ecstasy,  
To realms of everlasting love!

### MORALITY.

Life is a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that parts asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless are mortals surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are compassed with accidents ever ready to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by the hand of nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death—health is made to operate its own destruction—the food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay—the coal that animates it by vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its action—death lurks in ambush about all our paths.

Notwithstanding this is a truth so palpable, and confirmed by daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing around us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our own knell, perhaps, shall give the next fruitless warning to the world.

*The Church Yard.*—What a multitude of beings, noble creatures, are here reduced to dust! God has broken his own best workmanship to pieces, and demolished by thousands the finest earthly structure of his building.—Death has entered and reigned ever since the fall of Adam; it had its commission from God and it has deputed multitudes of rational creatures, who were endued with the exalted faculties of an immortal soul. Go to the church yard, then, O child and thoughtless mortal—go learn from every tomb stone, and every rising hillock, that the wages of sin is death—learn, in silence among the dead, that lesson which infinitely concerns all the living; nor let the heart be ever at rest, till thou art acquainted with Jesus Christ, who is the "resurrection and the life."

The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree; and which like a speaking trumpet is used to convey sound to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sounds last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains, and grove of the rocks repeat the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime; the profound silence that succeeds, the sight of the stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, with every thing connected therewith is calculated to excite the mind to enthusiasm. In the morn'g while the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after return to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.—*Phil. Post.*

"Certainly," "I am not so foolish," says the pious Richard Baxter, "to pretend my certainty to be greater than it is, merely because it is dishonour to be less certain. 1. My certainty that I am a man, is before my certainty that there is a God: 2. My certainty that there is a God, is greater than my certainty that he requires love and holiness of his creatures: 3. My certainty of this, is greater than my certainty of the life of rewards and punishments hereafter: 4. My certainty of this, is greater than my certainty of the endless duration of it, and the immortality of individual souls: 5. My certainty of the Deity, is greater than my certainty of the Christian faith: 6. My certainty of the Christian faith in its essentials, is greater than my certainty of the perfection and infallibility of all the holy scriptures: 7. My certainty of that, is greater than my certainty of many particu-

lar texts; and so of the truth of many particular doctrines, or of the canonicalness of certain books. So that you see by what gradations my understanding doth proceed; as also that my certainty differeth as the evidence differs; and they that have attained to a greater and a higher degree of certainty than I, should pity me, and produce their evidence to help me.

*Hints to the Ladies.*—Words are the body and dress of thought; and the woman that simpers and smiles when she should resent the culpable freedom of speech in a bold man, renders questionable the purity of her heart. The woman that depreciates her husband, still more depreciates herself—for if a woman would have the world respect her husband, she ought to set the example. A good woman's prospect of happiness with a good man, reaches into eternity.

### THE AMUSER.

*Strange Anecdote.*—There is a singular occurrence in the life of Strange, the celebrated engraver, which is, however, as authentic as it is romantic. In the Rebellion of 1745, he served in the ranks of Prince Charles' army as a common soldier. After the battle of Culloden, he was pursued by a party of the King's troops, when he fled "for safety and to be succour'd" into a friend's house. As there was no time to be lost, the soldiers being close at his heels, a young lady, in the full costume of that period, viz. a dress hoop, offered to shelter him under the ample folds of her petticoat. "To this strange proposal, considering all circumstances, it is not strange that she assented; and here, "pudica sub tegmine recubans," he remained undiscovered. Either love or gratitude suggested the sequel; we will suppose both conjoined. Mr. Strange was then a bachelor, and when his fortunes were more prosperous, he repaid with his hand the protection which the petticoat had afforded; and we may venture to assert, that none ever yielded to its government who had better reasons for their dejection to it.

*The Attorney and Physician.*—As two of these gentlemen were sitting together in a public house, the doctor began to reproach the attorney with the number of strange words which the law indulges in, viz:—"Habeas Corpus," "Fieri facias," &c. and amongst others, asked what was meant by the words "docketing an entail." "Why, doctor," replied the attorney, "it is doing what you will not do with your patients—it is suffering a recovery."

An Irish footman being sent by his master to carry a present, the recipient gave Pat a letter and a dozen of living partridges in a basket. As the birds became troublesome as Pat was carrying them home, he opened the basket to quiet them, when they all flew away. On his return home he delivered the letter to his master, who after reading it, exclaimed "why Pat, I find there is a dozen partridges in the letter! I am glad replied Pat your honor has found them in the letter, for they flew out of the basket."

A clergyman of the name of Mathson was minister at Pattedale, in Westmoreland (England) for sixty years, and died lately at the age of ninety. During the early part of his life, his benefice brought him only £12 a year; it was afterwards increased to £20, which it never exceeded. On this income he married, brought up four children, and lived comfortably with his neighbors; educated a son at the University, and left upwards of £2,000 behind him. With that singular simplicity, and inattention to forms which characterize a country life, he himself read the burial service over his mother; he married his father to a second wife, and afterwards buried him also. He published his own bans of marriage in the church, with a woman he had formerly christened, and he himself married all his four children.—*Br. Pop.*

*An Auctioneer outwitted.*—One day last week an auctioneer of Bolton was at the Farmer's arms, where he recognized a friend with a cart of coals. "I say," said the auctioneer, "I'll give thee ten shillings to take them there coals home." "Nay," replied his friend, "they cost me ten; but give me eleven, and I'll take them home, and spend the odd shilling." The auctioneer paid the money; the shilling was spent and his friend (according to agreement) conveyed the coals home—to his own house.

*A premature promise.*—A gentleman apprehending himself on his death-bed, earnestly entreated his young wife not to marry a man of whom he had been jealous. "My dear," (says she) do not distress yourself. I have given my word to another a great while ago."

### FARMER'S MIRROR.

From the New-England Farmer.

[CONTINUED.]

*APPLES AND CIDER.*—It is necessary in making cider to be very attentive to cleanliness. The mill, press, casks, and indeed all the materials used in any part of the process should be perfectly sweet and clean, and the straw, if any is used, either in making the cheese or straining the m-ld, or newly pressed liquor, should be sweet and bright.—There is no liquor which sooner imbibes any disagreeable or unwholesome taste or smell than cider. "The finer the apple is ground the more it will yield. If the mill is well fitted, it crushes the seed, and gives a peculiar aromatic bitter to the must, which becomes more and more distinguishable as the cider is longer kept. Some prefer this flavor; others dislike it, not distinguishing it from the bitter of the rotten apples, although very different from that pungent bitter, both in taste on the palate, and effects in the stomach."

Instead of making the pomace into a cheese, for the purpose of pressing the juice from it, which is an operation of considerable care and labor, it has been recommended to use a crib, or box. In pages 65, 66 of the present volume of the New-England Farmer, we have published an article descriptive of this implement; furnished by Mr. J. Meares. In the *Transactions of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society*, vol. ii. page 66, is a letter on the subject of improvements in making cider, from Mr. Paul Dodge, of New-Castle, Maine, to his Excellency Governor Strong, from which the following is extracted, as it contains a description of a similar implement.

"I new, clean and easy method to make Cider. The apples, after being ground, are put into a curb or vat, and levelled with a shovel; then covered with a plank, and blocked up as usual. It may be pressed with a long beam or short cider screw, but hay screws are best. The cider may be pressed in two hours. Two men and a boy, may make twenty barrels in one day.

As no straw is used, it may be made in cold weather, if the pomace does not freeze.

"The girls must be four feet eight inches inside, four inches and a half square, made of the best timber, with hinges and bolts in proportion. The slats, three feet three inches long, one inch and a quarter thick, three inches wide, and half an inch apart. The eye bolts may be drawn with an iron bar with ease, and any quarter of the vat taken off, to take out the pomace. A curb of this size will hold pomace enough to make ten barrels of cider. I have made cider in this new way two years, and find it is done with half the usual labor, and the cider clear. The above can be attested by many."

It has been suggested that it would be an improvement in the construction of the curb or vat to form it in the shape of a parallelogram, or a right lined four sided figure, whose opposite sides are parallel and equal, but having two of its sides longer than the other two. An advantage in this mode of construction will arise from the interior parts of the pomace being nearer the sides of the curb, so that the juice can more readily make its way from the central parts of the mass submitted to the action of the press, in order to escape between the slats.

John Prince, Esq. of Roxbury, a zealous and enlightened friend to agriculture, has favored the Editor with a model of an improved Cider Mill and Press, which is now in the office of the New-England Farmer, for the inspection of any person who would wish to view it either as an object of curiosity, or with reference to the utility of improved agricultural implements. The machine, of which this model is intended to give a representation, was invented by Hay, Esq. of Milton, New-Hampshire. The inventor informed Mr. Prince that with his Mill and Press, he could make 100 barrels of cider in twenty-four hours, and obtain much more juice than could be gained by the mill and press in common use. The nuts are of cast iron, and are so constructed that it is said 60 bushels of apples may be ground by them in an hour.—They consist of three indented iron cylinders, placed in a perpendicular position in a strong frame, which is fixed over, and composes a part of the press. On the upper end of the axis of the central nut, which axis rises several feet above the nuts, is formed the screw for the press. After the apples are ground, the frame containing the nuts is let down, and the lower part of said frame forms the top part of the press. The pomace is pressed, by said screw, immediately beneath the mill or nuts in which the apples are ground, falling from the nuts into a receptacle below, in which its pressing is effected. This arrangement, besides its other advantages, saves the trouble of shovelling or transporting the pomace from the trough (which, according to the common mode, first receives it from the mill,) to the cheese in which it is pressed.

We are sensible that the above is a very imperfect and inadequate description of Mr. Hay's invention, but we could not well give one more intelligible without expensive cuts. Besides, we are told that the inventor has made improvements in his apparatus, since the construction of the model from which our ideas of the invention are principally derived. If what we have communicated should serve to awaken curiosity, lead to further inquiry, and eventually to improvement in this important branch of rural economy, our wishes will be gratified.

[To be continued.]

### BOOKS & STATIONARY.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE, MEMOIRS of Mrs. FANNY NEWELL, wife of Ebenezer F. Newell, preacher of the Gospel. Mrs. Newell made a public profession of religion in early life, united with the Methodist church, and died in April last, aged 30 years. Her Memoirs are interesting to all such as have a reverence for experimental and practical piety.

ALSO, LAWS OF MAINE, January Session, 1824; Maine Justice; Wistar's Anatomy; Bichat's general Anatomy, with a general assortment of Medical Books.

School and Classical Books; Bibles, Testaments, &c. &c.

With a good assortment of STATIONARY ARTICLES. All of which will be sold cheap, for cash, or good clean cotton or linen RAGS. Paris, July 23, 1824.

### NATIONAL GOVERNMENT JOURNAL.

Register of Official Papers. THIS publication, which is exclusively devoted to the compilation of OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS, STATE PAPERS, &c. is issued once in each week, (or oftener if necessary) by Peter Force, at the National Government. Terms.—Five dollars per annum, payable in advance. The NATIONAL GOVERNMENT JOURNAL will contain:—The Proceedings of Congress at large; The Laws; Treaties; Executive Communications of Congress; Official Correspondence; All Appointments to offices, Civil, Military, and Naval; Promotions and Resignations in the Army and Navy. And generally, such other official information, as may, from time to time, be promulgated by the National Government. It is printed in a convenient form for binding and reference, and to each volume will be added a copious Index. The Papers, sent by mail, are packed with the greatest care, in strong wrappers.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE, in six volumes—last American Edition. It will be sold cheap. Oct. 7.

## SALES AT AUCTION.

### Bachelor's Grant, AT AUCTION.

THE subscriber, Administrator with the will annexed, on the estate of JOSHUA BACHELDER, deceased, by virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate, within and for the said County of Oxford, will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Monday, the eighth day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M. at the dwelling-house of PHILIP EASTMAN, Esquire, of said Fryeburg, so much of the real estate of said deceased as will produce the sum of four thousand dollars, for the payment of debts and charges. The real estate which will be offered for sale, as above mentioned, will embrace

### 500 Acres of Land,

in Sweden, in said County, drawn to the original right of Noah Johnson, on which are several valuable arms. Also, Lots numbered eighty and ninety-one in said Sweden. Also, Lot numbered one hundred and sixteen in Lovell, in said County.

Also—Several thousand acres of LAND, in Bachelor's Grant, very valuable for Farms, Mill Sites and Pine Timber. Also, any other lands that belong to said Bachelor, which may be deemed advisable. A particular description of which, will be given at the time and place of sale. Terms liberal.

Those who may wish for good farms at a moderate price, and those who would treble their money in a short time, by speculation, are invited to attend. JASON SHERMAN, Administrator. Gilead, Sept. 30, 1824.

### Administrator's Sale.

TO be sold by order of the Judge of Probate, in the County of Oxford, on Monday, the fifteenth day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of Ebenezer Jewett, of Waterford, one lot of land lying in said Waterford, being lot No. seven, in the fourteenth range. Said land is to be sold for the payment of the just debts of Nathaniel Jewett, late of said Waterford, Yeoman, deceased.—Terms made known at the time and place of sale. ISAAC FRYE.

Fryeburg, Oct. 13, 1824.

### THIS WEEK,

### A NEW PAPER, QUARTO SIZE,

CONDUCTED BY

A SOCIETY OF LITERARY GENTLEMEN,

IN

PORTLAND.

Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore, where the numbers may be examined. Oct. 7, 1824.

### A LIST OF LETTERS,

Remaining in the Post Office, at Norway, (Me.) October 1, 1824.

SAMUEL AMES; Rufus Bartlett; Jos. Carruth; Reuben Chandler; Joshua Crockett; Cyrus Cobb; Lese Chub; Levi Frank; Nehemiah D. Frank; Stephen Porter; Sarah Rowe; Daniel Watson; Webber, Earthen Ware Manufactory. WILLIAM REED, P. M.

### School Books & Stationary.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, a good assortment of School Books, used in this section of the State, among which are Perry's, Walker's and Johnson's Dictionary; Pike's, Adams's, Walker's, Coburn's and Kinne's Arithmetic; Murray's large and small Grammar; Chesman's Grammar; English Reader; American Preceptor; Art of Reading; Museum; Columbian Reader; Student's Companion; Evangelical Instructor; Pleasing Instructor; American Speaker; Historical Reader; Columbian Orator; Enfield's Speaker; Scott's Lessons; History of the United States; School Testaments; Morse's, Cummings's, Adams's and Woodbridge's Geography, and Atlas; Parish's Geography; Butler's Compend of History; Whelpley's ditto; Pike's, Perry's, Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Book; Cyphering Books; Writing ditto; Quills; Inkstands; Inkpowder; Slates and Pencils; Copy Slips, &c. &c.

The above Books, with many others used in Schools, are constantly kept on hand, and sold at very low prices, both at wholesale and retail, for cash, clean cotton and linen RAGS, or undoubted credit.

### FOR SALE AS ABOVE,

The Northern, Village, Temple, and Wesleyan Harmony; Bridgewater Collection and Hallowell Collection of Sacred Music. They will be sold cheap to singing societies or individuals. Oct. 14.

### PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twelfth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

ISAAC WASHBURN, Administrator, on the estate of MASAH WASHBURN, late of Hebron, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, attest, THOMAS WENSTER, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ELIAS STURDEVANT, late of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, Esq. deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to JOHN BRIGGS, Jr. Sumner, Oct. 12, 1824.

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LA FAYE  
Who started at the supply  
Which freedom's trumpet  
And bursting off the flow  
That love was round his  
Drew on the warrior's path  
Across his youthful brow  
And left his fortune, title,  
To fight for the oppressed  
Millions of freeborn sons  
Nor will they ere forget  
While home or liberty had  
'Twas noble LA FAYE

Who, in the dreadful hour  
When recreant troops  
Still urg'd his little band  
Each art for victory try  
The warmest in the battle  
The coolest in retreat  
At a republic's feet  
A thousand stars that gem  
In glory now are set,  
But many still remain to  
'Twas dauntless LA FAYE

Who, in Columbia's dark  
When hope was faintly  
And freedom's sacred altar  
With patriot hearts were  
When coward hearts were  
And stouter ones grew  
Beside that drenching altar  
And saw'd its quivering  
Who help'd to nail the cross  
And counsel'd, yield no  
Ask of our sainted Wash  
He'd answer LA FAYE

Who, when the champions  
Beneath their ills were  
Hunger, and nakedness, and  
That mock'd all sober  
Who gave the fortune he  
To succour their distress  
And prov'd the greatest joy  
The power it has to bless  
Ask of the war-worn veter  
While tears his gray loc  
He'll answer 'twas the sole  
'Twas generous LA FAYE

Hero, our hills are bleak  
Luxury has here no bow  
But come and we will stre  
With evergreens and flow  
We'll meet thee with that  
Tyrants can never find  
The sincere welcome of th  
The homage of the mind  
If in the hearts will to pled  
The manner thou'lt forg  
How proud we'd be to tell  
We've welcomed LA FAYE  
Paris, October, 1821.

CELIBACY  
Let others praise the marriage  
And pleasures yet to be  
But I will spend my days  
In fond celibacy.

While some complain that  
The theme is naught to  
What on my pleasures ca  
In fond celibacy.

If men wont please the  
'Tis short and gruff they  
There's naught to plague  
In fond celibacy.

In marriage state, they'll  
We bachelors are free;  
Old maids will tend their  
In fond celibacy.

Coquets may boast of con  
They ne'er can conquer  
'Tis their own self which t  
Not fond celibacy.

DYSENTERY.  
The design of my first  
ject, was: *Firstly*, that it  
be found of service in the  
community, it might be  
advantage—*Secondly*, that  
lot of an honest brother to  
the old imitative art, fi  
tions as laid down in the  
considering their physiolo  
*opportunity* of medicine, h  
train of reasoning, which  
to his mind and profitable

I have no intention to  
of the opinions of celebra  
can doubt the merits of c  
ham is opposed to a Collec  
stood, that the principle o  
and nothing is intended to  
dividual. I regret that  
understanding; I know th  
a man of having *practica*  
man is on a level with  
spect, at least; which is,  
err. Benevolence reach  
of charity to cover the  
brother. And where is h  
However, it will be su  
not so much difference in  
ter of diseases as their no  
and arbitrary names seem  
is disease otherwise than  
vital functions? The law  
immutable as the laws  
causes of diseases exert  
general impulse of stimul

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